

The Secret of Satan's True Servant



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Hello! In this small draft, I would like to tell an experience in my life that I had and still have with an Emissary of my Lord and Sovereign, the King of Hell. Obviously I will not say my name, nor the exact place where I grew up, because what matters is my actual experience, as the events that happened to me will be narrated here just to provide context.

I was born in 1989, we were poor, and I grew up the same way, somewhere in Louisiana. My father abandoned my mother when I was just one year old. My mother did what she could to feed us, she worked hard, really hard, sometimes she sewed, but most of the time, she worked cleaning someone's house as a maid. On Sundays we went to Baptist church, where my mother used to cry and cry out to a god who never, ever cared about us.

And so I grew up, believing in the God of the Bible. And this same bible states that he is the god of Israel, and he separated Israel from other peoples, he never cared about anyone other than the Jews. Just look at Hollywood, full of Jewish moguls. But at that time, I was still very young, I had no idea how this world works. I grew up and became more and more involved with the church my mother attended, believing more and more in all that nonsense that the pastors preached.

I read the Bible a lot, to the point that I knew many of its passages off the tip of my tongue. When a person was losing faith in God, I didn't let them get discouraged, and using some excerpts from the Bible, I would read some comforting passage to make them stronger and regain their faith. Interesting how I was always so honest, even though I really needed money, I never did anything that I thought might offend God.

On another occasion, when I was twelve years old, tired of seeing my mother working so much and earning so little, I told her about my desire to contribute to the household expenses, so I went looking for a job, it turns out that because I was a black boy, I was It's very difficult to get any kind of work in that region. My mother worked a lot and consequently, she did not prepare me for a life of so much hatred towards our color. I had to learn from other people the sad history that involved the arrival of our black ancestors to the USA.

I grew up and felt the hatred of white people growing equally towards me. Whether it was at school or in the cities where I was looking for a job, always suffering a lot of oppression and hatred from white people. I started to question what was the point of going to church every Sunday, getting down on my knees, praying asking the God of Israel to help me, to lighten my skin and my mother's skin a little, so that we could have some peace and tranquility. , and who knows, we could improve our lives.

Once, as a grown-up, a few months before my mother passed away from lung and head cancer, I had an experience that I thought: "*It must be God testing me.*" I was with a friend, and I saw 1300 dollars lying on the floor, I thought, with that money, I could pay for a doctor's appointment and find out why my mother was complaining of so much back pain, but I thought, it's a test from God, about all because some people stepped on the money notes, and no one saw them. I waited for a brief moment looking at the place where I took the money and after a few minutes, I saw a man desperately looking for something, I then knew that it was the same man who had lost the money, I went to meet him and asked if he had lost something, he said yes, your payment, so I returned the full amount, always believing in the goodness and grace of God.

A few months later, and it was the saddest day of my life, my mother discovered that she had cancer, it devastated our lives, there was nothing we could do to cure her, the doctor said it was terminal, she was wasting away and losing weight , turning into a human skeleton and me begging God to heal her, I asked and said: "*Sir! She is your servant Lord, don't let her die like this.*" I trusted and was very calm, because I believed that God would never let her die in those conditions, as she always helped other people, even though she had so little. I remembered that, following her example, I also did the same, precisely because I couldn't get a job, I helped sick people, some of these people also had cancer. I never thought this could happen to my mother, who had already suffered so much seeing the suffering of other people with this disease.

After a few months, my mother passed away. I was sedated by the situation, I heard a lot of nonsense from the brothers in the church. I

tried to commit suicide, the days went by, the pain of having lost her only increased, added to all the pain of my childhood and adolescence and knowing that my mother didn't enjoy anything in this shitty life, but at the same time I remembered my mother suffering and fighting for her life, she knew how God always blessed the actors and actresses of Hollyhhod, I remember one day being at a friend's house and he was watching a porn film, there was a blonde in the film giving oral sex to a man rich, she was in a red convertible car. I remember thinking about my mom working and earning so little, and that white bitch in that convertible car sucking dick and earning so much money.

These memories have always bothered me, but that's life, and life is always in favor of white and beautiful people. One day, I had already stopped attending that shitty church, when that same friend from the porn film invited me to be part of a satanist sect, I had nothing left to lose, because what was most precious to me was already gone. had lost. I was introduced to those people, I didn't feel very comfortable, because there were a lot of white people there, and that bothered me, but I was well accepted in the group and little by little I got used to those white people who I thought would never be able to be in the same environment.

We always met on Saturdays, around 11 pm. A priest and a priestess opened the rituals of worship and adoration to our great Master. They promised me that as time passed, Lucifer would give me many things if He was pleased with me. However, months passed and everything seemed very much like the church my mother attended, and what was practiced there seemed like a cult in reverse. Every Saturday, the same thing, rituals and more rituals, and nothing seemed like it could change in my life. I started complaining to my friend that I didn't believe I could get anythingthing in that environment. Of course, my friend, having been an initiate of that sect for some time, went to report to the priestess my dissatisfaction with my lack of success in the group, whereupon she later came and explained to me that for me to be well accepted by the Egregore of that group, I would need to do a blood sacrifice.

On one occasion, on a Friday, the same day of my birth, the group and I got together, we went to a crossroads, and throughout that year I had familiarized myself with the rituals and sacrifices that the group used to make in honor of the demon spirits that were worshiped in the group. The priestess opened the Greater Ritual of the Mandate of Hell and in this way, they sprinkled the blood of a black chicken on my forehead and we stayed there until two in the morning, singing songs to Satan and his entourage. However, after a few months, there were no significant changes in my life, I even got a job as a waiter in a cafeteria, but nothing significant that made me think, this was a great work of Satan.

So I started looking for grimoires and some type of invocation, or conjuration that would put me in more direct and objective contact with a demon. A few months passed and I was in an old used bookstore, when I came across a magic book, which taught step by step how to conjure demons in a true and pragmatic way. So, I studied the book in detail, I even went to a library to learn how to pronounce some Hebrew terms that the conjuration had. I gathered all the elements that the book indicated and went alone to the crossroads, the most deserted in that part of Louisiana where I lived. Once there, I arranged all the elements the way the book indicated, I used Scirlin's seal and started repeating the words and names that were in the book. I started at 11 pm and already very tired, I finished at two in the morning, I noticed absolutely nothing, not even a gentle breeze that made me think: "*It's the devil coming.*" I went home, exhausted and frustrated, but that same night, I had a dream; but it wasn't the kind of dream I used to have, where you never have a mind of your own. In the dream, I was there at the crossroads and very lucid, and an emissary of Satan came and said to me: "*Hail creature!*" He said: "*Hello!*" Then he told me: "*Ask your questions!*" I was so lost, a million questions went through my mind that I wanted to ask, but I stopped and remembered how I had suffered with so much poverty and without hesitation, I immediately thought about how to become well off, so I asked how I could improve, of life.

Satan's emissary replied to me that the Sovereign of hell does not give anything that belongs to him without receiving something of great value in return, He only gives material goods, or riches, to true

servants. He took the opportunity to say that all these sects, including the one I was part of, are mostly false, they are just distractions, the members are idiots in costumes who do not please the Lord of Hell in the slightest. This demon told me that these false worshipers bore Lucifer with all these endless litanies and that most priests are inspired by this nonsense at night, when they can't sleep, they invent a lot of nonsense.

So I asked his name, since everything seemed so lucid, I wanted to know who he was talking to, to which he replied that he was not authorized to tell anyone his name, otherwise they would have power over him. So I immediately tried to ask what I should do to please the Master and receive his graces and he replied that his time was ending and that the next week, he would come again if, before going to sleep, I pronounced a certain name that he pronounced. . I woke up suddenly, like someone waking up from a nightmare, but I wasn't scared, because I felt trust in that strange being.

During that week, I continued with my work normally and thought a lot about whether it had all been just a dream, a product of my imagination due to the tiredness of doing that ritual in the early hours of the morning. The day in question came on which I was supposed to pronounce the name before going to sleep, then at what seemed to be the same time, since I couldn't say for sure what time it would be, as I was sleeping, he came again, and said: "*Ask whatever you want!*" As everything seemed so lucid, I continued where I left off, I wanted to know how to improve my life and he told me that I should make a great sacrifice to please the Master, since by the fact that he was there, Lucifer had liked me. So I asked what this sacrifice would be, what would I have to kill, a goat, an ox... The emissary replied: "*The Master is pleased with human lives!*" To which I replied: "...*How could I sacrifice a human being, because that would be a crime, and almost all crimes are discovered and in some states, I would be sentenced to the electric chair, or lethal injection.*" The demon replied: "*Make a pact with me and I will teach you many things, including the correct way to make sacrifices.* I agreed to make a pact with him, then he danced strangely and said that I should go to the deserted crossroads, the same one where I had been thwarted, and there, bury part of the pact". He instructed me

as follows: buy a virgin parchment, exorcise it, write the “**Scirlin Sign**”, and here I say, I believed that Scirlin was a demon, but he told me that Scirlin is a “**Pact Portal**”, I was surprised, as I firmly believed that Scirlin was a demon. He told me to sacrifice a viper, take out its eyes, crush them and mix them with the viper's blood and some of my blood and draw two “Scirlin Signs”, one stays with me, the other I should bury at the crossroads.

So I asked if he would appear in physical form for me there at the crossroads, he laughed and said: “We are spirits, for me to appear to you, I would need a body, a person who could withstand my presence and my caustic energies. Remember creature, even the false god of Israel needed a human body to manifest himself physically”. I took the opportunity and asked if the demons would punish me after death if I were to make human sacrifices, he said: “We demons tolerate gays, prostitutes, all types of people rejected by puritan society. But we will torment this same puritan society day and night because of its hypocrisy”.

On the night of the physical pact, I went to the crossroads, and when I got there, I did everything as he had told me, I sacrificed the serpent, I took out its eyes, I crushed them, I cut my fingerring, and I mixed everything as he recommended, I felt a tingling in my body, I dug a medium hole and buried the other parchment there at the crossroads. I went home, slept, then he, the demon of the pact, came to tell me to make my first sacrifice in the following way: “*Go on a highway in another city, where many vehicles usually pass, and there, throw 5k of corn in a wide spread so that a vehicle slips and has an accident, we demons should interfere as little as possible, but if you are lucky in the your operation, Lucifer will certainly please you.*”

After a few days, after much thought and reluctance, I gathered all the courage I could, and a lot of prudence so as not to be seen by anyone, and around three o'clock in the morning, I dressed so as not to attract attention and with gloves so that my fingerprints wouldn't be anywhere, I went to a highway and spread soybean oil on the road, it was a slope, I hid far away until a vehicle appeared so I could

see if it would slide. It was as I planned, the vehicle rolled over, and yes, the boy was drunk and without a seat belt, he broke his neck and died. I disposed of the oil correctly, left no traces, collected the bottles because the bar codes could be traceable and forensics went to the market and saw who had bought those bottles of oil.

After seven days, I was in a bar drinking a little and thinking about what I had done, whether it was right or wrong, but I soon remembered my mother's suffering and how she was treated with contempt and racism by that puritan society and the Hatred took over me. A man came to talk to me, and after a few minutes of talking, he asked me what I worked for, I replied that I was a waiter, he asked me if I wanted to work for something better, to which I replied yes. He invited me to meet the next day and he took me to meet his brother-in-law and after we introduced ourselves and he explained about the job, I agreed and was hired informally, but I earn three times more than at the cafeteria.

I realized that it was the work of the devil, I caused the accident and received better working conditions. Then came another week, and I beforesleeping, I pronounced the name that the devil had revealed to me, by which he could be called, at some point in the night, I saw myself in a lucid dream at the crossroads of the pact, the devil asked if I was enjoying my new job, I replied yes , then he said to me: "*Don't hold back, or be happy about it, know that Lucifer has great plans for those who serve him without remorse. Now go to a water tank in a neighboring city, and pour some type of poison into the reservoir, but not to kill, but to cause cancer, in this way you will be taking revenge on this puritan society, which caused cancer not only in your mother, but also in other people, because they put a lot of chemical additives in the water, which is why people get sick*".

That night I didn't wake up like other times, I slept peacefully until the next day, I went to my new job which was actually very peaceful, and I spent the day imagining what kind of poison I could throw into the water reservoir. I remembered watching on TV, a man offering Roundup to another to drink and the interview ended there and then. I calculated how many liters of water that reservoir held

and bought a few liters of Roundup. I waited for night to arrive, put the Roundup in another container, and went to the reservoir, it was a waning moon, so no one could notice anything because of the darkness. I climbed the water tank and threw in that Roundup, remembering that my mother had been very humiliated by stupid white people in that little town.

Obviously I burned all the evidence, from gloves, gallons and everything that could incriminate me, even the clothes, I wasn't worried about buying things, I was earning more money now. After about two years, I learned that in that city, there was an increase in cancer cases. Interestingly, after doing this, my new boss asked if I would be interested in doing other extra work, I said yes, and he tripled my salary. Now I was feeling really good, with all that money, I could spend it on drinks, women, because when I was at church, I couldn't even think about fun. A few months passed, and I wanted a car, a house, because even though I received a good sum of money, I was spending a lot on fun, and there wasn't much left over for me to buy material goods.

On a Monday, in my case it had to be that day, as it was a day dedicated to Lucifer, at the same time as always, I pronounced the name that the devil had revealed to me, not his real name, but the name by which he could be called. I went to sleep, and at some point in the night I found myself at the crossroads of the pact. Then the demon appeared, as usual and always friendly, and asked me what I would like. I replied that I would like a large sum of money and what I could do to satisfy Lucifer's appetite, (**I know very well that the Master's name is not Lucifer, but it is the name by which He is known in many cultures**), so I refer to Him that way. The pact demon replied: "*I already told you that the greater the offer to Lucifer, the greater the retribution*". Then the demon suggested several options to me: "*Go to a school, find out about a student trip, cut the brakes on the bus, be creative. Knock down the passenger trains, this is very easy, the trains run too fast, and all you have to do is put pieces of track on the track itself and the train will fall and a lot of people will die*".

The weeks passed, and I thought that bringing down a train would be very easy, because most of the places where it passes don't have cameras, and I would just need to get materials from the line itself and fit them onto the tracks. I did that, I went to a city nearby, and I put pieces of iron on the tracks, but the train that derailed was not a passenger train but a freighter, only the driver died, but I got another raise. I let seven months pass, you can't do this kind of thing close to each other. I made a new attempt, in another place, about 2000 km from where I live, but this time, five people died early on and sixty-five were injured, and the FBI highlighted in the news that it wasn't terrorism, so I came out unharmed, from that.

After a few days, I received a new job offer from my boss, he invited me to do another job, and he is paying me a lot more for it, I finally managed to buy a new house, a nice car and I have a lot of girls, sucking my dick and doing everything I want. It's the life I asked God for, but it was the devil who made it possible for me. So, I will offer many victims to the devil, but not sacrifices with a knife, so that some crazy person or serial killer can be arrested and shame our Master, do the job correctly, discreetly and the demon of the pact will bring the benefits of money to you.

Don't waste your time with these false sects that do nothing other than pray endless and tiring litanies, rituals that produce no practical effect. They ask, but objectively they give nothing in return to the Master. The Great Master will only bring you what you want, from the moment you give him something valuable in return, human lives, this pleases our Master. Now in 2023, I'm thinking about founding a True Sect for the Master, teaching what really pleases the Master, I will definitely earn a lot more money by revealing the true purpose of Satanism here on Earth. Our Master is coming, and whoever can please Him now will rule with Him.

Ass. Mister D.